

Woman's Page

Her Side and His—Three Excellent Recipes for the Housewife—New Macaroni Dish—Recipe for Spanish Cream—To Make Chocolate Lady Fingers.

THE TIDE TURNS.

When David Temple came home from his more than usually trying day at the office he was met at the door by his wife, her face like a rose in sunlight.

"Why, what's happened?" began David, too worn and weary to be able to believe in fairy tales, yet somehow hoping against hope.

"This has happened," gurgled Cora, her eyes dancing, one hand waving the telegram from Carter Brett under her husband's nose.

David read: "Just learned you were blameless in factory collapse. Am writing in full, Shake."

Temple looked up from the slip of yellow paper into his wife's face. Cora was struggling, woman fashion, against tears of relief and joy.

Until that moment neither had realized how near the snapping point their nerves had been brought by anxiety. Had the telegram been bad fortune instead of the best on earth they would have received it with rigid self-control. But this unexpected removal of the cloud over David's reputation as an architect acted like spring sunshine chasing months of gloom and his game little wife. Its suddenness relaxed their pent-up spirits. They flew into each other's arms.

Temple's joy showed in a slow, grim smile, an almost imperceptible squinting of the chin, a light in the eyes, a straightening of the shoulders. But Cora had a good cry, and felt the better for it. Then she smoothed her hair, powdered her nose, put on her prettiest frock and accepted David's invitation to dine at their favorite terrace restaurant by the river.

On their return home they found the late mail had brought Brett's letter. Eagerly they fell upon it.

"Dear Temple," it began. "An extraordinary thing has happened. During the state accountant's investigation of our local bank affairs a mass of duplicity came to light implicating Cornelius Phelps, one of the directors. You will recall that Phelps had a sub-contract in the Newcome factory job. The collapse of the factory was traced to him. He has made full confession of substituting rotten building materials and pocketing the money saved. You will read the whole matter in the newspapers within a few days."

"I cannot tell you how much this

means to me, and I am fully appreciative of what it means to you. I have, of course, followed your political fight and wish to say that I am at your service, personally and financially, for as full and fair a backing as you may need. Moreover, I urge you to take a strong stand against that bunch. I will help you."

"We parted under unpleasant circumstances," Temple. "I have greatly missed you in our operations here. I am frank to say that I have deeply regretted the necessity of our parting and all that led up to it. I offer you every reparation in my power, and here's my hand on it!"

"Please convey my highest regards and good wishes to that splendid little major, your wife. Sincerely,

"Carter Brett."

David and Cora looked at each other.

"Oh, Davy! The tide's turned!" cried Cora. "He wants you back. Don't you see? He wants you back!"

And when David did not make immediate reply Cora shook him gently by the shoulders. "Isn't it splendid, Dave?"

"Brett's done the decent thing," he answered.

"But—but surely you want to tie up with him again, dear? Why, it means our complete vindication, our success bigger than ever, our future! Doesn't it? Doesn't it, Davy?"

David was saved from the necessity of answering by the sudden announcement that Dr. Hartley was calling.

"Send him up at once," said Temple to the telephone boy.

"I ask your pardon for calling at such an hour," smiled the doctor, his aristocratic face and fine eyes smiling an apology to Cora, but the Rourke people are starting a new attack and I—"

"Read this!" cried Cora and David together, spreading Brett's letter before their stanch friend and co-worker in the field of decency. "Here's something to fight them with!"

"Splendid!" he cried as he finished reading. "The one thing we needed to win!"

TO THE HOUSEWIFE.

New Macaroni Dish.—Break the desired quantity of macaroni into short lengths, cook in rapidly boiling water until tender, then drain. Add to it one tablespoon each of melted butter and grated cheese; stir carefully so as not to break up macaroni. Add two well-beaten eggs. Butter a deep earthenware dish, coat it with bread crumbs, pour in the mixture. Use a spoon to press up to the sides to leave a hollow in the center, which fill with any cold meat finely minced. Cover the meat with the macaroni mixture and bake slowly one hour. Turn out, serve with or without tomato sauce.

Spanish Cream.—One-half box of gelatin, one quart milk, yolks of three eggs, whites of three eggs, one small cup sugar. Soak gelatin in milk one hour. Heat, then add yolks beaten very light with the sugar, and heat to boiling point. When this is cold, before putting in mold, add whites of eggs beaten light. Flavor with vanilla. Whipped cream may be poured around this. This makes a very fine dessert.

Chocolate Lady Fingers.—Two eggs beaten light, one and one-half pints flour, one pint soft white sugar, one teaspoon baking powder or soda, one teaspoon vanilla, a pinch of salt. Mix just stiff enough to roll in hands, about three inches long, dip in melted butter, bake in moderate oven, put together with chocolate filling.

SIX DEATHS ON A RAILWAY CROSSING

Bethlehem, Pa., Sept. 17.—Six persons were killed this afternoon when a Philadelphia & Reading train struck an automobile in which they were riding, near Quakertown. The dead, all of Bethlehem, are:

WILLIAM S. UNZIKER, 42 years old, superintendent of the drop-froge department of the Bethlehem Steel company.

MRS. FLORA UNZIKER, 33, his wife.

ANDREW NEFF, 40, a foreman of the Bethlehem Steel company.

MRS. MADRA NEFF, 36, his wife.

GEORGE NEFF, 12.

RALPH NEFF, 8.

The party, riding in Unziker's car, had left Quakertown to return to Bethlehem. Trees obscured the railroad and the automobile was full upon the tracks when hit by a special train. All six occupants of the car were instantly killed.

RANCHER NOW WEARS A SILVER CHEEK-BONE.

Cody, Wyo., Sept. 17.—John Hancock, a Clark's Fork ranchman, will go through the remainder of his life with a sterling silver cheek-bone as the result of the explosion of a high-power rifle which he was testing just after he had resolved it at the ranch. The explosion drove the breech-block of the rifle into his face, destroying the right cheek-bone and gouging out the right eye.

Dr. Buvinger, a noted Philadelphia specialist, is visiting at the Hancock ranch. He performed an operation, removing thirteen fragments of bone from the injured cheek. Hancock then was brought to town, arriving nearly thirty-six hours after the accident. Local surgeons have arranged to replace the missing bone of his skull with a silver plate, and this and an artificial eye will prevent him from presenting an unsightly appearance.

The rifle which exploded had just arrived by express, and Hancock was trying it out at a target, intending to use it in a few days in a big game hunt.

DRUGGISTS CONVENTION.—Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 18.—Druggists from all over the United States are arriving here for the annual convention of the Association of Retail Druggists, which opens here tonight and will continue through Friday.

FRIDAY A GREAT DAY FOR BRITISH

"Tanks" Played a Most Important Part in the Victory Won.

At the British Front, Sept. 16, via London, Sept. 17.—There seems no question that Friday was the most dramatic day in the history of the British army in France. The Germans themselves were massing at many points, it appears, with a view to attacking to recover some of the high ground they had lost. The British anticipated the German attack with their own onslaught, assisted by their new hell machines, whose secret they had been keeping up their sleeves for just such an occasion as this.

Accounts of both wounded British soldiers and prisoners taken from all parts of the line agree that the German losses were immense. As a rule, the forces in the front line trenches support patrols in the shell craters in the Somme battle area in small numbers with a plentiful supply of machine guns.

Smaller Force Exposed.

This means a smaller force exposed to artillery concentration in case of an attack. If machine guns are silenced and the front trench taken, then the reserves are expected, under cover of artillery fire, from the side, to retake it by a counter-attack. Thus, as the Germans intended to attack, they had massed large numbers of men in their front trenches. These were not only caught by the surprise of the sudden blast of early morning concert of the British guns preceding the charges of the British infantry, but were raked by machine gun fire from the "tanks."

As the Germans were in new trenches, which they had built as best they could under a continual shell fire, and had no dugouts, they could find no shelter from the murderous missiles from the "tanks." Despite the German discipline and the bravery and racial hate that the Germans put into their fight against the British, at many points the confusion, panic, and terror among those in the front lines, some attempted to surrender, though surrender seemed impossible against these walking forts. Others fled desperately and hopelessly before they were moved down, and others were paralyzed by the apparition which had no precedent in warfare.

The trenches were filled with German dead and these in flight fell like grain before the reaper wherever the "tanks" could direct their sprays of lead in their path. The British plan, as a staff officer explained to the correspondent before the attack, was not to take either Martinpuich or Courcellette yesterday, but so successful was the early morning advance that the command was given to push on and by nightfall both places were in possession of the British.

These two villages are on the left or hinge of the movement which has its right on the banks of the canal opposite Peronne. The German forces were congested here in narrow areas in order to hold the salient and prevent the British from widening their battle line by breaking through more frontage on the old first line fortification from Thieval northward.

But the larger the German numbers, the more casualties it meant, said the officer. "With demoralization in their front line the Germans threw forward all the reserves they had and summoned a division from Lille by train, while, according to reports from prisoners and observation airplanes, every motor vehicle they had was bringing up men and machine guns, and horse artillery was summoned from right and left to reinforce the already enormous concentration of guns."

"Alarm," according to all information the British have, best describes the situation of the Germans after the sudden and unexpected assault by the British, which was the heaviest they had made.

Today the Germans were gathering their forces and attempted a counter attack to break the new British line, while the British resisted at these points and attacked at others. Under the pounding of the most terrible shell fire modern artillery can produce, the stuporous were in position, sometimes with the British in possession of more ground tonight than they had planned to take. The only difficulty in many instances has been to restrain eager battalions and "tanks" attempting to go too far.

Refused to Return.

The commander of one famous regiment, finding his men rushing beyond the objective set for them, leaped upon a hillcock, standing up face to face with the enemy's fire, sounded the bugle call to halt, but in vain. They went on and took their second objective an hour ahead of schedule time.

"We wanted to have the job over with once we were started," said one of them.

In one case where no "tank" assisted the artillery to silence the machine guns, the duty of a certain battalion was to keep up those on its right and left. Seventy men went forward; all were mowed down. Then another platoon of seventy rushed ahead; all were mowed down. But the third section, charging over the dead, took the German strong point and thus prevented any break in the line of advance.

As for the "tanks," stories of their progress continue to be told. One which took on board a German colonel who surrendered to it kept him along through the fight. Another took command of the situation in a shell-wrecked beet sugar factory, spraying fire right and left into the doors of the dugouts. Another ambled in on a German battery of field guns, and with its machine guns killed the gunners, who were not able to flee from the grotesque caller. One which went through the main street at Fleurs had a placard upon which stood the words "Extra. Full Account of Great Hun Victory."

VISITED TROOPS ON BORDER.—New York, Sept. 18.—Francis B. Sayre, President Wilson's son-in-law, who has visited the American troops along the Mexican border in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association in Massachusetts, arrived here today on the steamship Antilles from New Orleans.

NEW YORK GIRL IS SPEEDER'S BRIDE



Mrs. John H. Tyson, III.

J. H. Tyson of Riverdale, Conn., who since he inherited a million dollars from his grandfather, George L. Tyson, has been endeavoring to smash all speed records, has taken unto himself a third wife. She was Miss Rose Budd Exiner, also of New York. Tyson has accidentally killed several persons with his automobile, and has been arrested many times for speeding. He is twenty-eight.

BAND OF CLEVER BLACKMAILERS

Four Men and Three Women Fleece Their Victims in Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—Names prominent in the pages of Blue books in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago will be protected from the snatching hand of blackmailers by the capture here of a band of four men and three women by government officials in a raid on the Tyson apartments, East Forty-third street, and Grand boulevard. Members of the band already have mulcted wealthy men and women out of \$250,000 or more, the government alleges. They are to be tried in Philadelphia. They will be started there immediately after they are arraigned before United States Commissioner Mark A. Foote Tuesday morning here.

According to Hinton G. Clabaugh, head of the bureau of investigation of the department of justice, Henry Russell, one of the arrested men, had been posing as a brother of Mayor Thompson.

The bonds of the seven were fixed late Saturday night, but they are still held in the county jail in default of bail. Those held are Henry Russell, Edward Donahue, alias Doc Donahue, Helen Exner, said to be the wife of George Irwin, alleged director of the group; Mrs. Frances Allen, Mrs. Edward Donahue, wife of Donahue; Jas. Christian, alias W. J. Gross, and Geo. Bland.

Many Victims Fleece. Mr. Clabaugh says those held, together with others at liberty, have fleeced at least 15 prominent men and women in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and New York by blackmail methods of a most modern type. He said there were many other victims.



No. 49—Waffles

I received a letter the other day, kindly forwarded to me by this paper, in which I was asked by an enthusiastic "chatter" follower if I had anything to say about waffles. I can assure the young lady that I had just such a thought in mind but neglected saying anything for fear I would never know when to stop and, as you know, I am very much limited as to space. Waffles to my mind, and do you know I can never speak of them without stirring up the pangs of hunger, are symbolic for all things good.

I shall never forget while out on "location" during the filming of a scene from "Her Father's Son," the director gave us an hour for lunch. We had been delayed in "shooting" the scene owing to some unlooked for obstacles and as it happened, we were far out in the woods with no lunch with us at all. We were in quite a quandary until Herbert Standing, who had left the group, returned later announcing the fact that he had discovered habitation. The news had the same effect upon us as the thirsty man who finds an oasis in the desert. We all hurried over while Edward Piel acted as spokesman. The occupants of this rather dilapidated domicile were an old lumberman and his wife. We told them of our wants and, after a thoroughly thrashed out understanding between husband and wife they consented to furnish us with dinner.

who never complained, fearing the notoriety.

It was a woman, very pretty and clever, who turned over to the astonished and grateful Mr. Clabaugh his who'st of alleged blackmailers. If it had not been for Mrs. Albert Arroll, whose husband is manager of the Tyson apartments, Mr. Clabaugh would have but one lone prisoner, and that one the least important—Russell.

Mrs. Arroll had known for months that Mrs. Helen Exner was receiving suspicious code messages, but she didn't know Mr. Clabaugh was seeking her. She substituted for the telephone operator and got what information she could. She watched them. Then came the authorities for Mr. Russell, and it was Mrs. Arroll who showed into the federal net the entire crew.

Methods of the Gang.

Explaining the methods of the gang, Mr. Clabaugh said: "The women flattered with wealthy men and then demanded money from them on threats of exposure, and the men did likewise with wealthy women and made similar demands."

Here are some of the ways in which this amazing coterie is alleged to have mulcted its victims: An influential business man in New York, whose name is withheld by the federal authorities, fell victim to the charms of a pretty chorus girl, a member of the organization. The business man lavished money on her. Finally, at her suggestion, he took a trip with her to Boston. Armed with a fictitious federal warrant, several of the band descended upon the business man in a Boston hotel. He was placed under "arrest" for violation of the Mann act.

Gave Up \$50,000.

The arresting officer appeared to be a bona fide agent of the government. A member of the gang volunteered to forget all about the affair for \$50,000. The victim paid. He never had the slightest suspicion it was not a bona fide arrest.

Don Collins was arrested in New York as an accomplice in this swindle and was held in bonds of \$50,000. A wealthy New York jurist was induced by a pretty girl member of the band to take a motor jaunt through Connecticut. When they returned to New York the jurist found a party of "government investigators" armed with a fake warrant awaiting him. The jurist, whose name is also withheld, admitted to the federal officers in New York that he paid \$25,000 in cash to the men.

William Butler, said to be one of the same organization, was arrested in Philadelphia posing as a federal officer and attempting to mulct Mrs. J. Golden Wippeny, wealthy widow, out of a big sum of money.

GOLD RE-STOLEN AS

THIEF IS CAPTURED

Rock Springs, Wyo., Sept. 17.—While Joseph Slocum, proprietor of a pool hall, was pursuing, shooting and capturing Jim Jones, who had attempted to steal \$90 in gold coins from his place, somebody else made away with the money. Both Slocum and Jones were arrested, the former observed with them and the latter with shooting Jones, who is not seriously hurt. Slocum gave out half of \$500.

Slocum asserts that while he was holding one of his children in his arms, Jones entered his pool hall, jumped over a counter and snatched a punch board to which \$90 in gold coins were affixed. Slocum says he dropped his child, seized a revolver and pursued Jones, taking a snap shot at him, but missing. Finally, Slocum relates, he cornered Jones in a cul de sac formed by three buildings, whereupon Jones drew a revolver. Slocum states that he beat Jones to the first shot, sending a bullet into the fugitive's leg and causing him to drop his gun. He then marched his prisoner back to the pool hall, where he discovered that, during their absence, someone, presumably a confederate of Jones, had appropriated the punch board, which Jones had dropped when Slocum first fired at him. This discovery so peeved Slocum that he turned Jones over to the police. His own arrest followed.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

Read the Classified Ads.

SNAPS AND BARGAINS EVERY DAY IN THE SALES OF USED AUTOMOBILES

1915 Ford touring car with Gray and Davis lighting and starting system, Atwater-Kent ignition and gearless differential—\$300.
1913 Maxwell special five-passenger touring car, demountable rims—\$300.
1915 Overland delivery, panel body electric lights and starter—\$500.
MACK-ROBINSON AUTO CO.
2444 Grant Ave.
Telephone 604. 9-14-17

International truck. Will be sold at a bargain. Call at 2379 Hudson Ave. 9-14-17

1915 AUTOMOBILE, Overland. Inquire Mrs. A. H. Downs or Browning Bros. 9-13-17

Cut-down Cadillac roadster—\$250. Apply to A. L. Glasman, Standard office. Old body and top thrown in. 9-14-17

1914 MAXWELL Touring, 2353 Washington Ave. 8-14-17

Katsun—One-half bushel tomatoes, eight onions, four green peppers. Take these three parts to one-half cup salt and let stand over night. Boil in the morning, strain, then add two teaspoons each cinnamon, allspice and mustard seed, one teaspoon celery seed, one-half pound of sugar, one pint vinegar. If not hot enough, add a little red pepper. Boil until thick enough; bottle.
Read the Classified Ads.
Read the Classified Ads.
Read the Classified Ads.

G. O. P. WOMEN TO TOUR COUNTRY ON SPECIAL TRAIN IN HUGHES' BEHALF



Left to right, top: Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Mrs. Raymond Robbins. Bottom: Gertrude Atherton and Mary Roberts Rinehart.

An innovation in political campaigning is to be introduced this fall when a number of well known Republican women will tour the country in a special train during the month of October in behalf of the Hughes candidacy. Among the prominent speakers and writers who will make up the party are Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Raymond Robbins, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Gertrude Atherton.

THAT Dictionary

The Universal Self-pronouncing Dictionary, which your son or daughter must have in school, will be given to subscribers of the Ogden Standard for \$1.00.

They retail at \$2.75.

Premiums will not be delivered.



"No!—I Said Calumet!"

"I want what I ask for—I know what it would mean to go home without it. Mother won't take chances—she's sure of Calumet—sure of light, wholesome, tasty bakings—of positive, uniform results—of purity and economy. You try CALUMET Baking Powder—lay aside your favorite brand once and you'll never go back to it. Calumet is the world's best Baking Powder—it's moderate in price."

Received Highest Awards
New Gold Medal
From the St. Louis
Exposition

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
The Little Blue Pills
Ladies Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Pills. They are
made in New York and are
sold everywhere. They are
the best pills for women.
They are sold in every
drug store. They are sold
in every drug store. They
are sold in every drug store.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE